

# Harry Potter and the Last Battle

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Summary: My first fanfic and take on what Harry's final battle with Voldemort would look like. Written just after POA came out in the US, this is very AU.

## Harry Potter and the Last Battle

**\*\*Harry Potter and the Last Battle\*\***

**\_\*\*Disclaimer: All of these characters are the property of J.K. Rowling, Scholastic, blah, blah, blah, so don't sue me!\*\*\_**  
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A seventh year Harry sighed as he turned another page of Powerful Countercurses to Powerful Curses, wishing he didn't have to be looking for the counterspell his mother used to save him, but it was one of his few chances against Voldemort, who was reportedly rising back to power. Next to him, Hermione was looking through Who's Who in Hogwarts to see if his mum's spell was mentioned there. Good old Hermione, Harry thought bitterly. At least she isn't swooning over someone. Harry had hoped that Ron would also help him look for helpful spells, but Ron was too busy going on a date with Lavender Brown. Harry figured that Ron would pop the question soon, as the year was almost over, but really, what kind of best friend would leave him at a time like this? Harry looked over the page and gasped.

"What is it, Harry? Did you find the spell?" Hermione had looked up from her book. "This book only mentions that there was a counterspell, but not what it is, so it better be in there."

"Here it is Hermione! I found it!" Harry was now attracting a lot of strange stares from the other Gryffindors in the common room.

"Let me see that!" Hermione reached for the book and read the entry:

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\_The most powerful spell that can be used against the Dark Arts is not even a spell at all. If you love someone, truly or unconditionally, enough to die for them, then the person who is died for will be saved. If the person who was saved can show their love for the person back before the break of the next day, the person who died will live again.\_

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Harry hit himself over the head. "If only I could have told mum I loved her, she'd be alive" he cried out.

"Don't worry, Harry, you were only a baby, you didn't even know how to talk yet except for gibberish, but do you think Cho would risk her life for you?"

That question took Harry off-guard. He was not sure that Cho loved him anymore, as she was starting to point out other guys and not being very considerate to him when his scar started to hurt a lot. But they were still going out, since their 6th year, and nothing major had happened, so he really did not know.

"I don't know, Herm, but I'm still pretty sure she would". Hermione gave Harry a strange look, but didn't say anything except that maybe they should look for another spell.

The basilisk he had encountered in his second year was back, and had captured Ron and Hermione. Cho took one look at the scene and vanished. Harry muttered a few words in Parseltounge and the basilisk vanished. Professor Quirrel's ghost appeared, and said, "He is coming... BEWARE!" and disappeared also. Then Voldemort came into the scene and performed a death spell that would finish Harry off, but someone flung herself in front of Harry and took the blast, Harry pondered who this was for a moment, but Voldemort took the chance and recited the words once more, but failed. Harry said a few well chosen words, and Voldemort shrieked and turned into a puddle of water. Harry quickly disposed of it into a black hole, and was about to find out who the person who saved him was when.....

"Harry, wake up! I've got to tell you how my date with Lavender went! Guess what happened!" Ron was furiously shaking Harry.

"Whazzat?" Harry put his glasses on and sat up.

"We're engaged! Oh my God, Harry I want to shout it to the whole world!"

"Congratulations, Ron, I'm so happy for you!" Harry knew he wouldn't be going back to sleep now. "When will the wedding be?"

"Doesn't matter for now, we'll figure out the details later. Anyway, you'll be the best man, umm, I think Parvati will be the maid of honor, but I'm sure Hermione will be one of the bridesmaids. Let's see, we'll probably have it at that grand church in Hogsmeade..."

"Whoa, slow down Ron! I think you should run those ideas down with Lavender first before you set the whole wedding up yourself!" Harry knew Ron would be excited, but he hoped that Ron would spend more time with him and Hermione now that he was officially going to marry Lavender, right? "Anyway, Ron, I have to tell you about my discovery for the counterspell my mum used against Vol.. I mean You-Know-Who." Ron was surprised at the change of subject, but was quite interested in this subject. Harry told him about this, and Ron was as willing to do a different spell as Hermione.

"I know that's a big breakthrough, Harry, but with what's been going on lately, I don't think Cho's going to stand by your side this time."

Harry thought about this. He did notice that Cho had started to resent him after he and Malfoy had battled against one of Voldemort's former followers, who was stating to believe in him again, but why wouldn't she like that, except that he worked with Malfoy? He had made sure that no more trouble came from that guy, so why was she so detached? Harry really didn't have a clue.

"Oh, well Ron, I guess we'll look up another spell, and see what happens."

The next day, Hermione bounced to the table at breakfast and started happily chattering. "Guess what you guys? I'm going to be one of the bridesmaids at the wedding! I'll bet it'll be so beautiful." Lavender came in and took a seat next to Ron and laced her hand in Ron's.

"Oh, honey, it's going to be so wonderful! I can't wait!"

"Me neither, dear me neither."

They continued talking about how the wedding would be like, and started to begin planning when Cho Chang walked up to Harry.

"Could I speak with you in private, Harry?"

"Sure," Harry calmly replied, knowing fully well what was about to happen.

"Harry, you know I like you. A lot. But I just don't feel it anymore. Harry..."

"You're breaking up with me, right?"

"Well, yeah. Are you OK?"

"Yeah, I'll be fine. Well, let's get back to breakfast."

"OK."

"What happened, Harry?", Ron asked.

"We broke up. But I'm OK" Harry quickly added as he looked at the concerned faces.

"I know. I knew you wouldn't be with Cho, I saw it in my crystal ball when you started going out," Lavender put in. Harry thought, \_ that's lovely to know.\_

Two days before the last day of school, the trio were walking down the halls at night discussing (what else?) the wedding.

"And you know what? All of us bridesmaids are going to be wearing these beautiful peach dresses, and....." Hermione never finished her sentence because at that moment, they were suddenly in an abandoned classroom. They heard a low voice, and Harry recognized it immediately.

"Voldemort!" Harry spun around and shouted the name. The other two also turned around and grew expressions of terror.

"That's right, Harry, and you MUST know what I'm about to do, as you're the Head Boy, but I'll tell you anyway, I'm here to kill you, once and for all. I suppose I'll have to kill you two also, but that'll come later." Voldemort advanced toward Harry but Ron jumped in front of him.

"You'll have to kill me first!" he shouted. Voldemort seized Ron by the neck with his worn hands, but Harry cried, "Expelliarmus!" Ron flew from his wretched hands but unfortunately into a wall, where he was knocked unconscious. Voldemort said a few words to a deadly spell Harry knew, and blocked it with his counterspell he luckily had learned, but realized that Hermione said at the same time, as the spell had been directed toward her.

"Oh, a smart one eh? You won't be so intelligent when your friend here is dead!" He laughed that high, evil laugh Harry unfortunately had committed to memory.

Voldemort then focused his attention toward Harry. "You know how much trouble you've caused me, boy? I have had to live in Albania, of all places, to regain my power because of you. Do you know how much war is going on there? I couldn't even help kill ONE measely ethnic Albanian from Kosovo, UN officer, or Yugoslavian. AND THEY WERE ALL MUGGLES!!! But now I'll have my revenge. Revenge... it's the sweetest thing in the world next to power. There is no good and evil... there is only power, and those too weak too seek it. This time, I won't let you get away with it. Your mother isn't here this time, Potter, say goodbye..."

"NO! You shan't kill Harry!" Hermione had finally regained her courage and sprang in front of Harry.

"Stand aside, you silly girl, stand aside!"

"No, kill me instead!"

"You needn't worry about that, you will die, too, I can promise that..." With that, Voldemort performed a deadly curse on Hermione, who was blasted several yards away.

"As for you, Mr. Potter, it is time for you to go now..." And he said

the same words as for Hermione, but all Harry felt was a white hot pain stretch across his scar. "No, it can't be... I'm weakening...AGAIN!" Harry quickly shouted a spell and Voldemort was turned to ashes, which were blasted into oblivion.

Harry looked over Ron, said a few words, and knew he would be up in a few minutes. He then went over to Hermione, who was taking in what would be her last breaths.

"Hermione, don't die, I love you," he sobbed.

"I love you too," Hermione replied. Harry kissed her, wishing that she would somehow pull through and live.

"Your parents and I will watch over you, Harry, don't do anything that will get you into a lot of trouble. Goodbye, Harry, I will love you forever", and Hermione closed her eyes. Harry heard her stop breathing. He realized that it would be dawning soon, and remembered what he had read.

"Hermione, wake up! You're alive! Just recognize that fact!" Harry hoped against hope that she would arise from her "sleep" and then, her eyes fluttered, and saw Harry.

"Oh my God! I'm alive! Oh, Harry I love you so much!" Both wept for joy that she was alive and kissed again. Ron, who just woke up, stumbled toward toward them as they broke apart their embrace.

Come on you guys, I think we should go to the infirmary" he slurred. "Or at least I do." and with that Ron fell backwards and Harry and Hermione carried him to Madam Pomfrey's infirmary. She was looking over Colin Creevey, who had a sore throat, when they came in.

"What on earth happened to you? Well, I'm going to have to take Mr. Weasley here, and I may as well have a look at that scar, it's quite a sight!" Madame Pomfrey was referring to Harry's scar, which was glowing a strange red. As soon as she put Ron in a bed, she said something at Harry's scar and it returned back to it's original form. Harry and Hermione then proceeded to Dumbledore's office to tell him about what happened to Voldemort.

"Ah, I see, then. Well, Harry, Hermione, I think Gryffindor will receive 200 points from each of you and Mr. Weasley. I must say, this will certainly call for a celebration! We will have a feast tomorrow, and I daresay that no one will object to no classes tomorrow!" he chuckled to himself. "Allright you two, go off and get some sleep, you've had quite a night!"

The next day there was a grand feast, and Dumbledore announced, to Gryffindor's pleasure, that they had won the House Cup for the seventh time since Harry arrived and also the Quidditch Cup. Harry and Hermione let Ron and Lavender have their turn in the spotlight during their wedding and announced after they got back from their honeymoon that they would also marry. Lavender claimed also that she had foreseen this too.

\_Author`s note: OH MY GOSH!! YOU READ THE WHOLE THING!! I`M SO PROUD  
OF ME!!\_

End  
file.